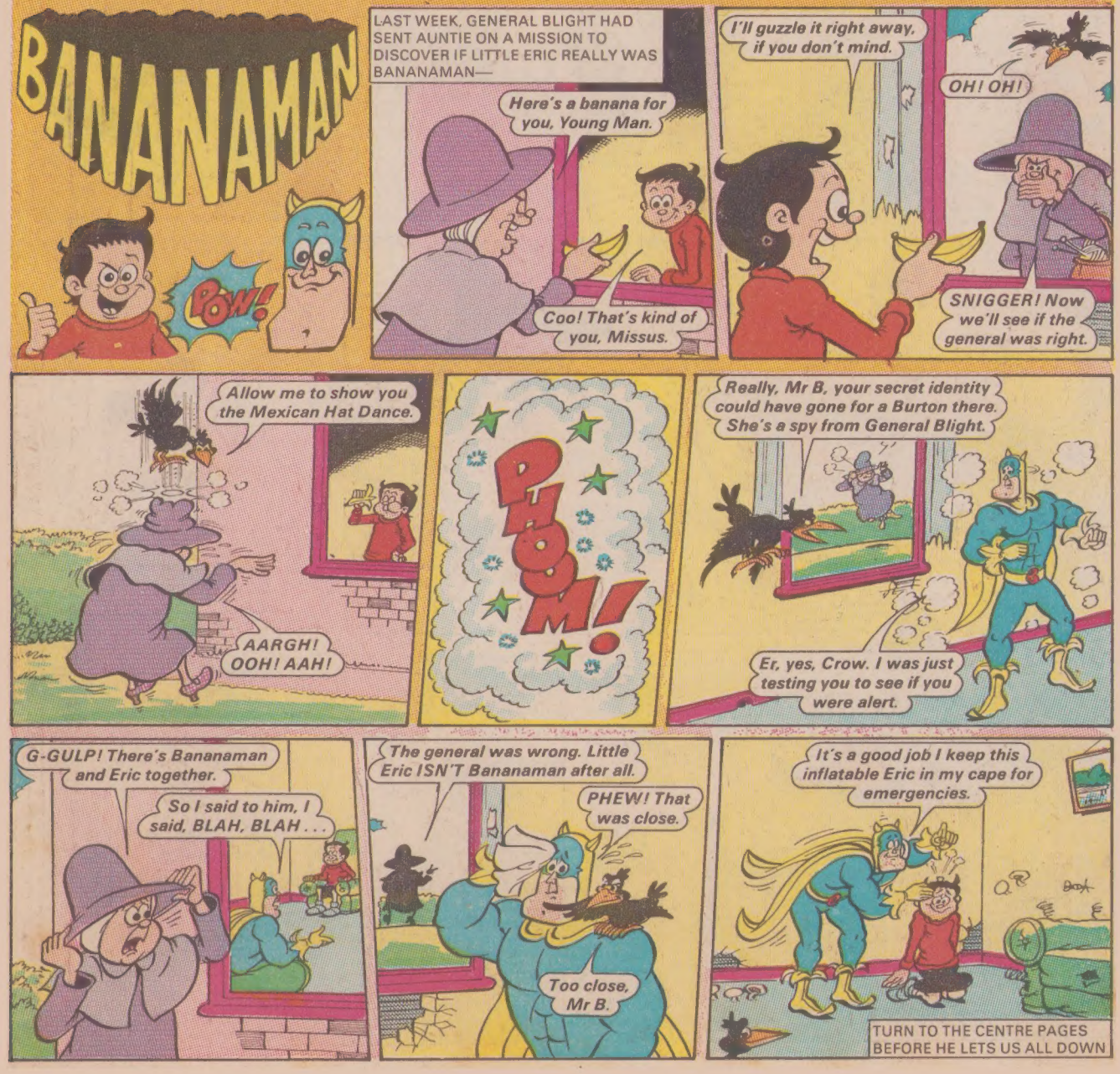
NUTTY

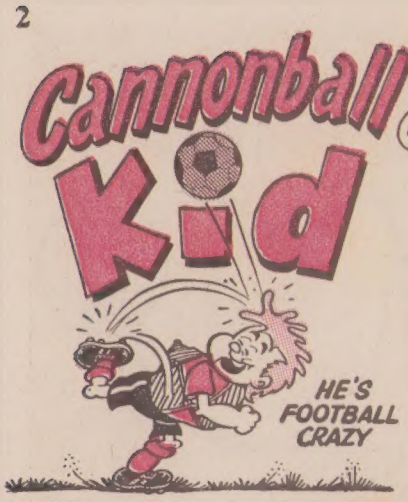
18p
IR-29p
(Inc. VAT)

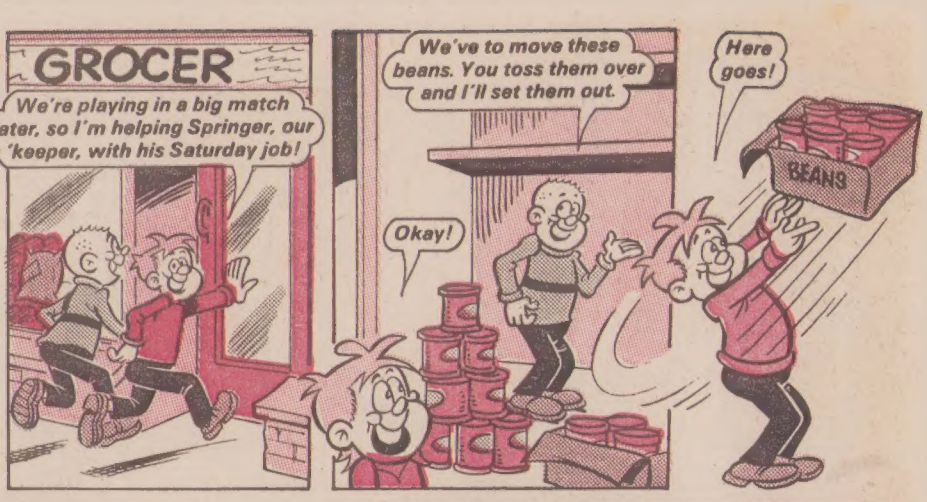
EVERY SATURDAY No. 258 Jan. 19th, 1985

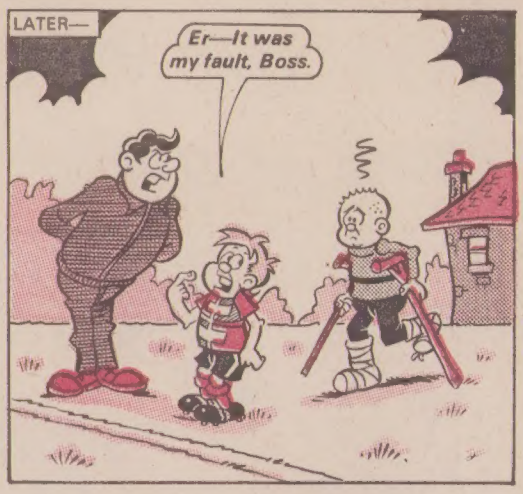
THE COMIC WITH YOUR TV STAR

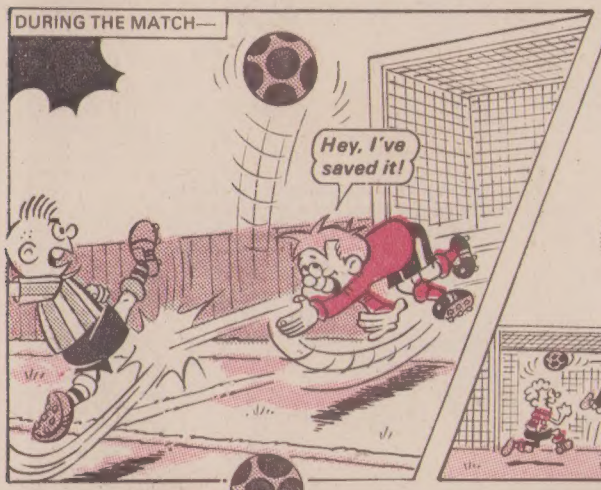

BANANAMAN
POW!
LAST WEEK, GENERAL BLIGHT HAD SENT AUNTIE ON A MISSION TO DISCOVER IF LITTLE ERIC REALLY WAS BANANAMAN—
Here's a banana for you, Young Man.
Coo! That's kind of you, Missus.
I'll guzzle it right away, if you don't mind.
OH! OH!
SNIGGER! Now we'll see if the general was right.
Allow me to show you the Mexican Hat Dance.
AARGH! OOH! AAH!
PHOOM!
Really, Mr B, your secret identity could have gone for a Burton there. She's a spy from General Blight.
Er, yes, Crow. I was just testing you to see if you were alert.
G-GULP! There's Bananaman and Eric together.
So I said to him, I said, BLAH, BLAH...
The general was wrong. Little Eric ISN'T Bananaman after all.
PHEW! That was close.
Too close, Mr B.
It's a good job I keep this inflatable Eric in my cape for emergencies.
TURN TO THE CENTRE PAGES BEFORE HE LETS US ALL DOWN

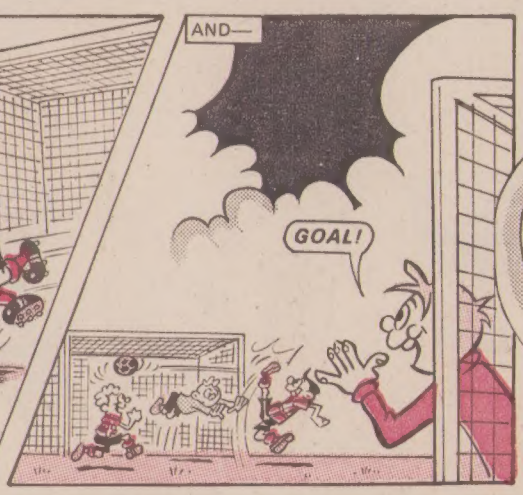
Cannonball Kid

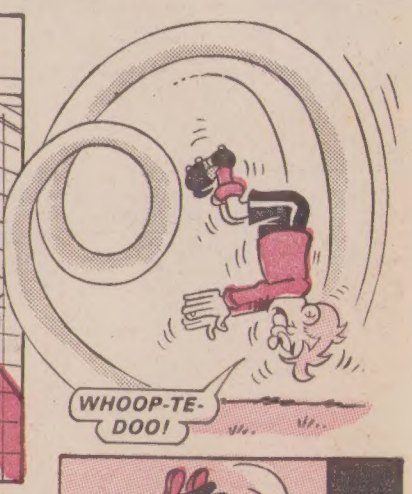



GROCER
We're playing in a big match later, so I'm helping Springer, our 'keeper, with his Saturday job!
We've to move these beans. You toss them over and I'll set them out.
Okay!
Here goes!
BEANS



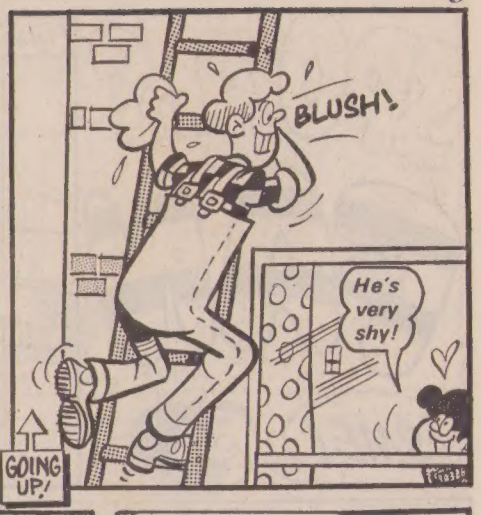


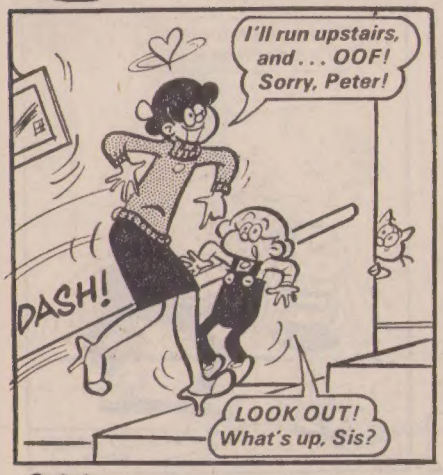


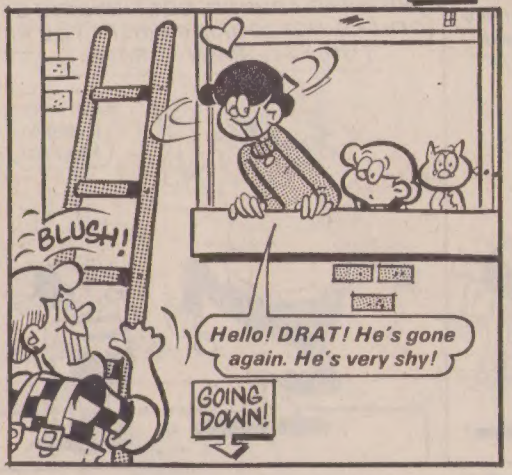


PETER Pest

MMM! That young window-cleaner is nice-looking.

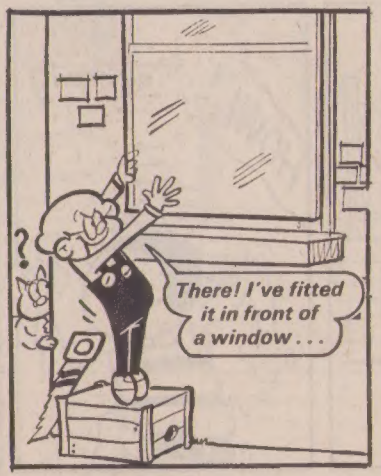

BLUSH!
He's very shy!
GOING UP!


I'll run upstairs, and . . . OOF! Sorry, Peter!
DASH!
LOOK OUT! What's up, Sis?


BLUSH!
Hello! DRAT! He's gone again. He's very shy!
GOING DOWN!

I'll never manage to meet him!
Leave it to me, Sis!
GOING OUT!
GONE!

SO!
This frozen puddle is just right.
FROZEN PUDDLE!
RASSP!


There! I've fitted it in front of a window . . .

Be careful! Don't break it!

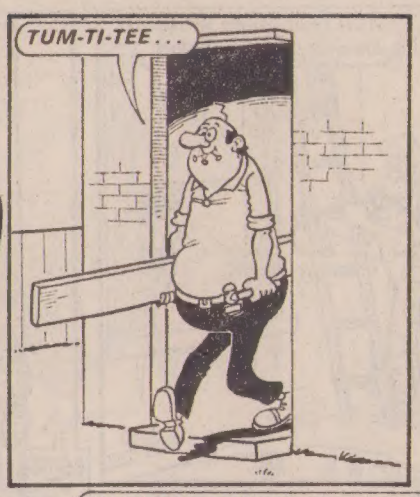
BUT—
TINKLE!
RUB!
Oh, dear! You'd better come and see my sister!

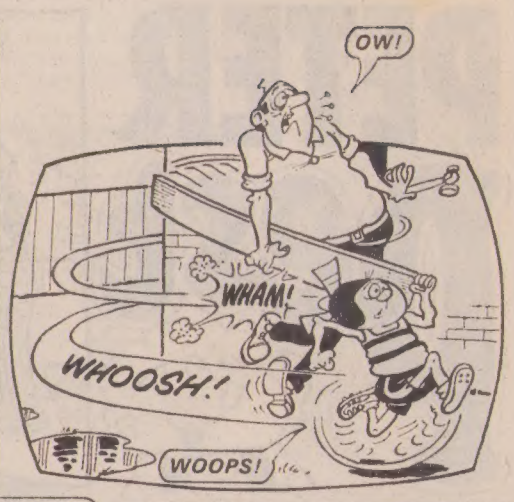
NOT BLOOMING LIKELY! I'M OFF!
GETTING CLEAN AWAY!
PETER! What HAVE you done?

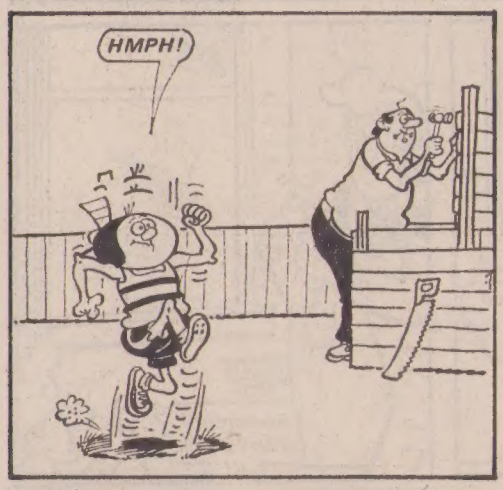
GRR!
But, Sis, I was only trying to help you BREAK THE ICE!
GULP!
NTY.19.1.85

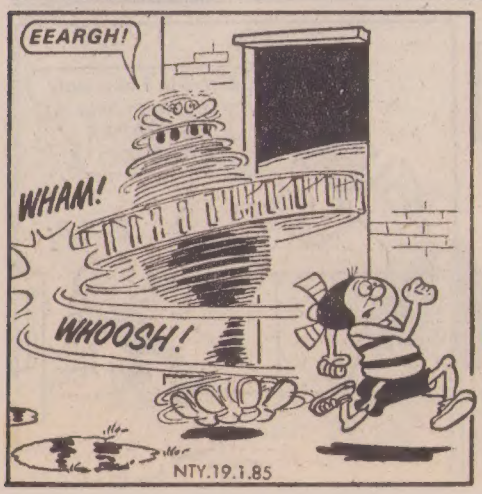
SPORTS FAN

'SME!

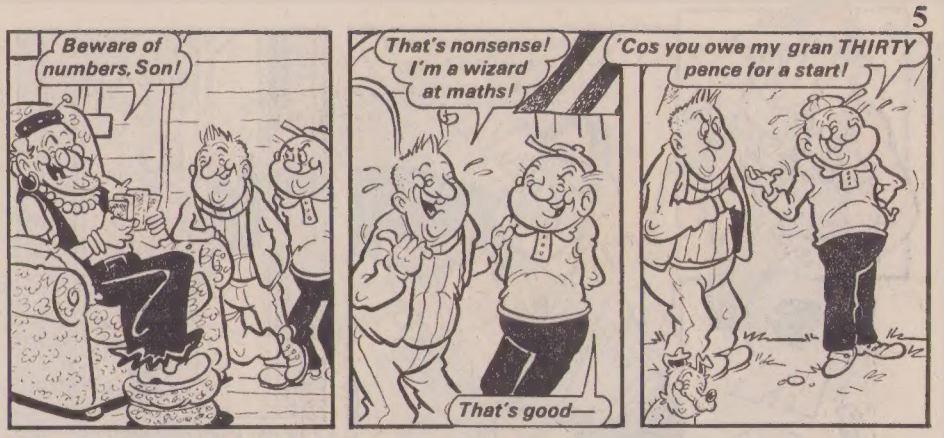




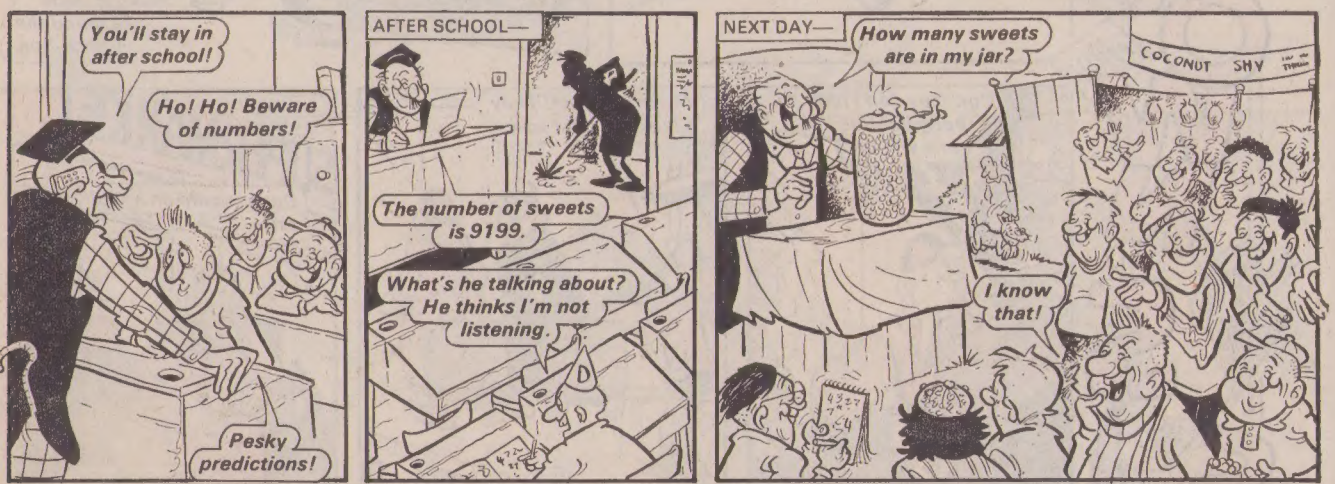




HORACE COPE


Beware of numbers, Son!
That's nonsense! I'm a wizard at maths!
That's good—
'Cos you owe my gran THIRTY pence for a start!

NEXT DAY, AT SCHOOL—
Okay, your maths test begins now!
SOON—
He's finished already. But I'm gonna change all his answers!
SCOFF
AND—
TCH! You got every sum wrong!
ER—BUT—!


You'll stay in after school!
Ho! Ho! Beware of numbers!
Pesky predictions!
AFTER SCHOOL—
The number of sweets is 9199.
What's he talking about? He thinks I'm not listening.
NEXT DAY—
How many sweets are in my jar?
COCONUT SHY
I know that!

9199!
NUTTY
Correct!
Here's your prize for guessing the correct answer.
So much for your gran's prediction, Horace.
Eh? A maths book!
PAY HERE
BOOK OF SUMS
Just what you need since you got all your sums wrong!
SCHOOL GALLERY
Ho! Ho! Looks like Gran was right again!
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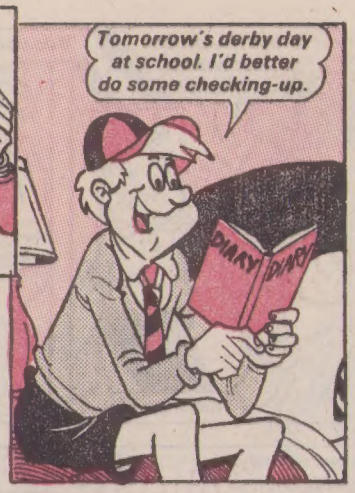
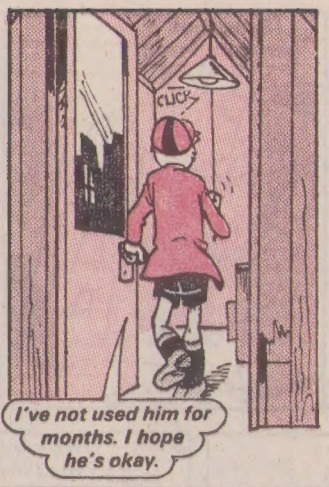
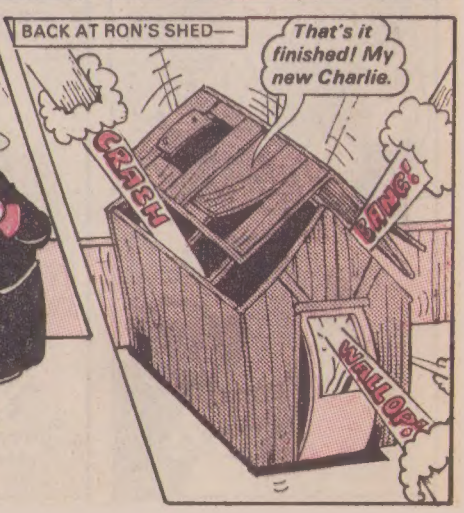
RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS







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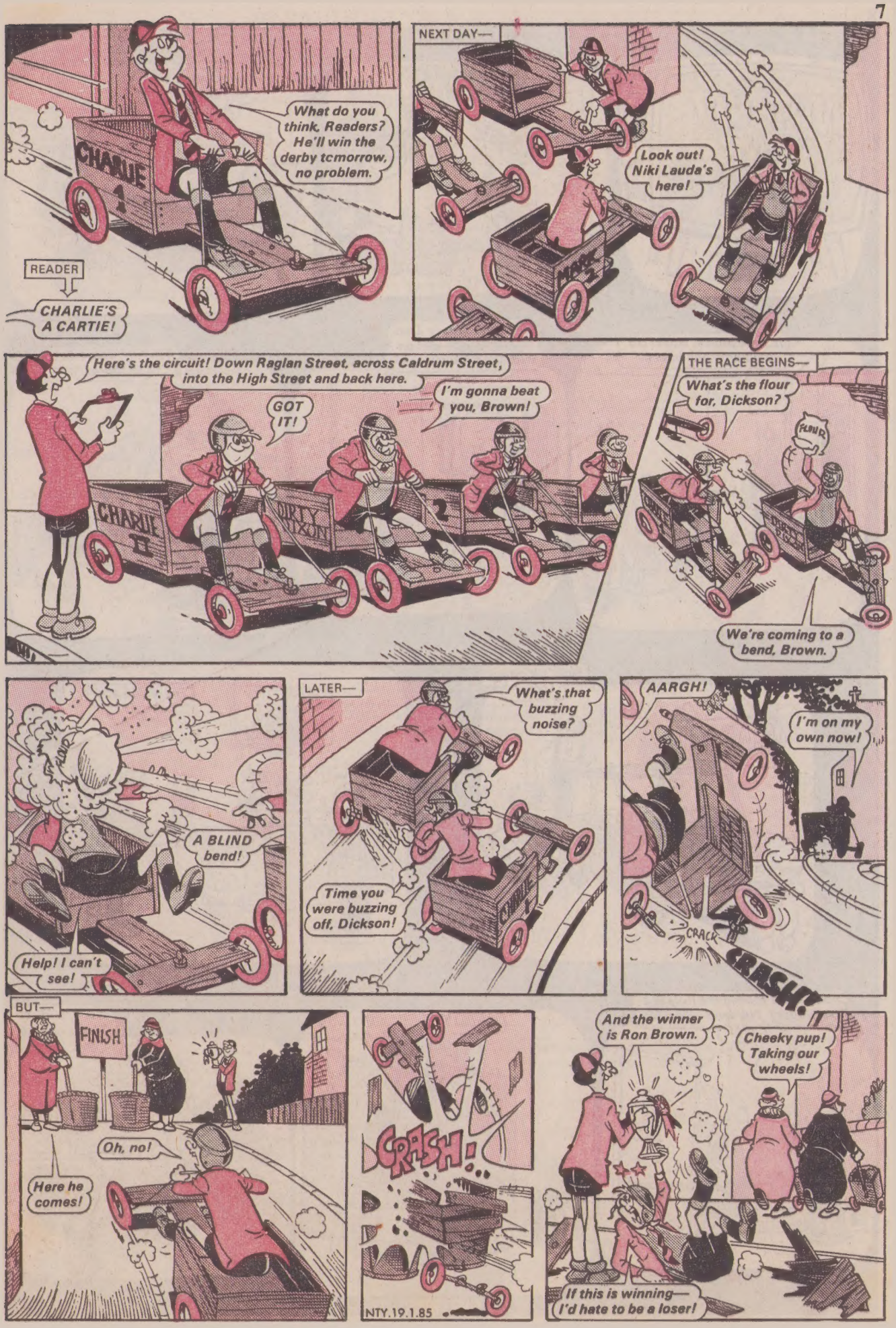
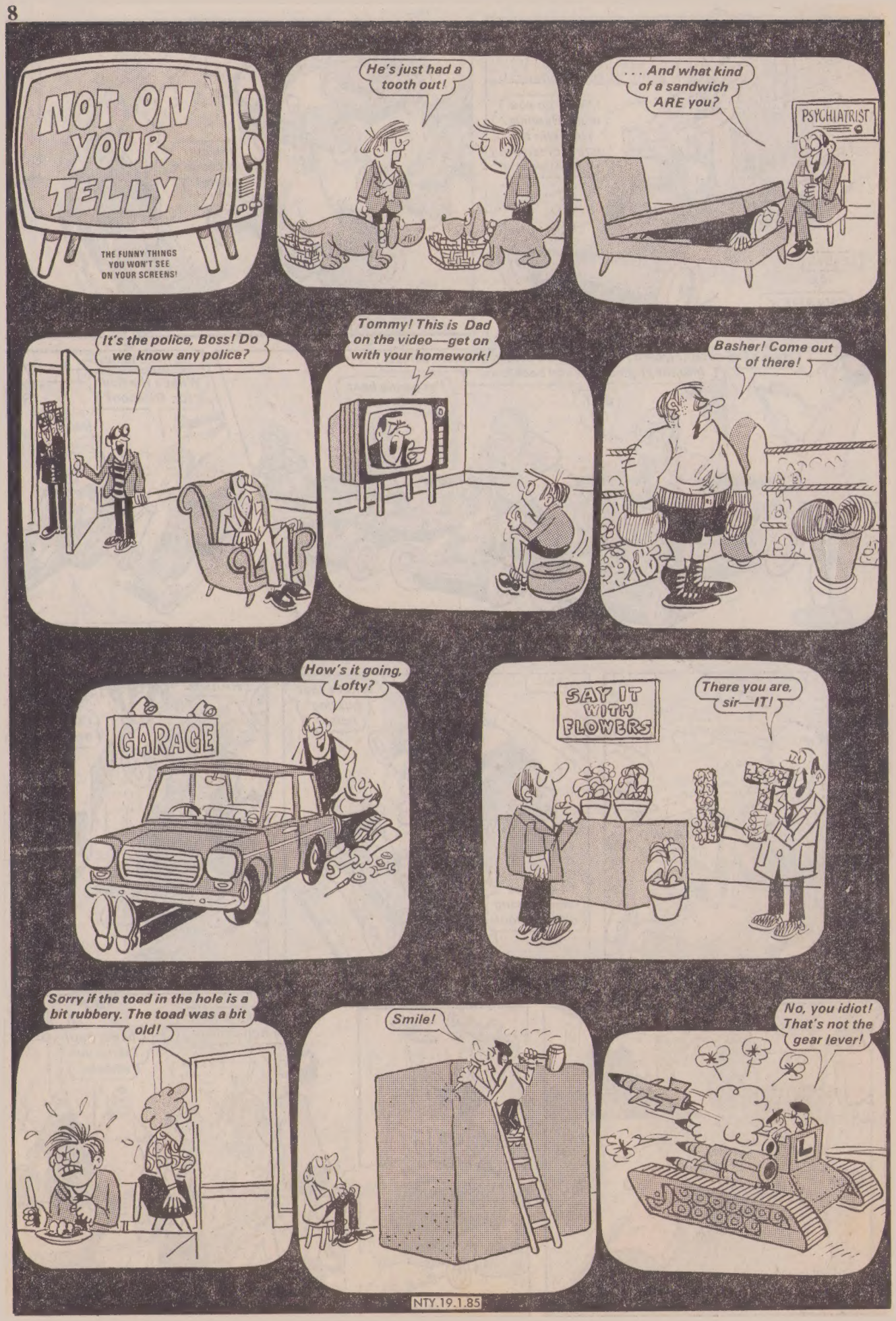

What do you think, Readers? He'll win the derby tomorrow, no problem.
CHARLIE 1
READER
CHARLIE'S A CARTIE!
NEXT DAY—
Look out! Niki Lauda's here!
Here's the circuit! Down Raglan Street, across Caldrum Street, into the High Street and back here.
GOT IT!
I'm gonna beat you, Brown!
CHARLIE 2
DIRTY DIXON
THE RACE BEGINS—
What's the flour for, Dickson?
FLOUR
We're coming to a bend, Brown.
A BLIND bend!
Help! I can't see!
LATER—
What's that buzzing noise?
Time you were buzzing off, Dickson!
AARGH!
I'm on my own now!
CRACK
CRASH!
BUT—
FINISH
Oh, no!
Here he comes!
CRASH!
NTY.19.1.85
And the winner is Ron Brown.
Cheeky pup! Taking our wheels!
If this is winning— I'd hate to be a loser!


NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
He's just had a tooth out!
. . . And what kind of a sandwich ARE you?
PSYCHIATRIST
It's the police, Boss! Do we know any police?
Tommy! This is Dad on the video—get on with your homework!
Basher! Come out of there!
How's it going, Lofty?
GARAGE
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS
There you are, sir—IT!
Sorry if the toad in the hole is a bit rubbery. The toad was a bit old!
Smile!
No, you idiot! That's not the gear lever!
L
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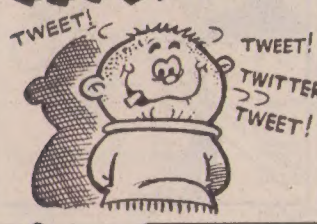
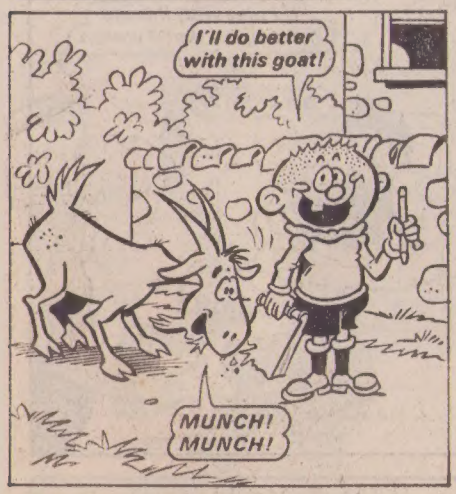
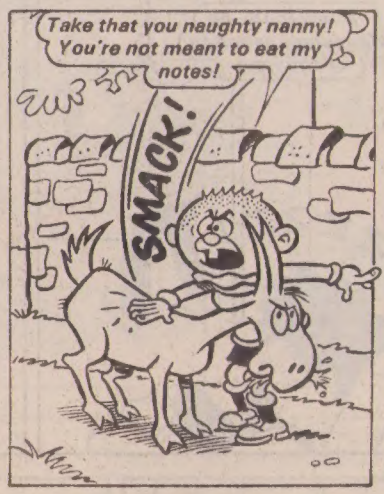
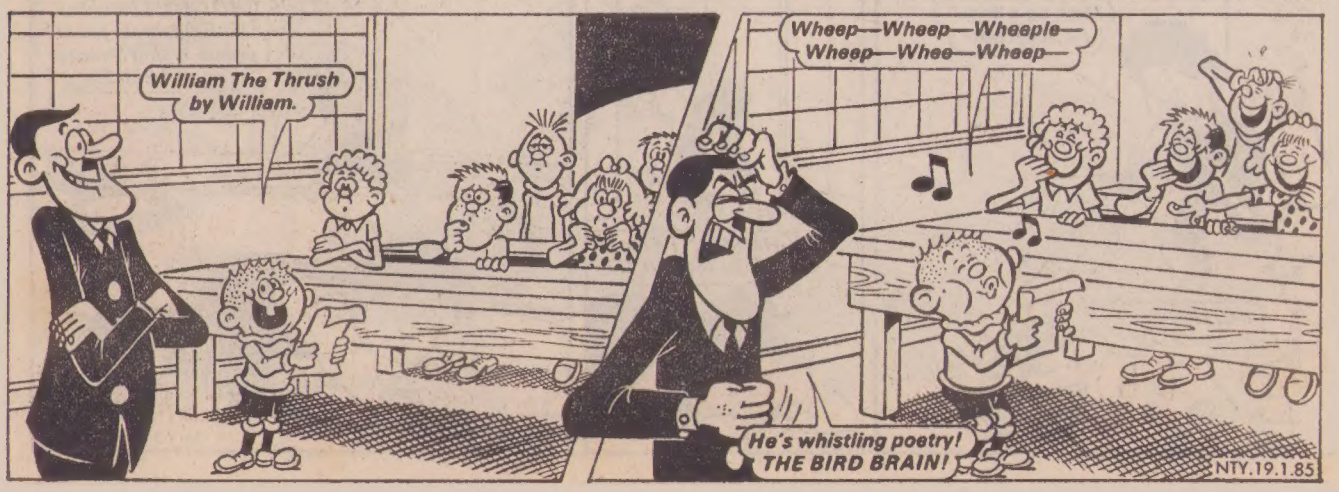
TWEET WILLIAM









ZZZZ
SNOOZER
Mum's gone shopping, Snoozer. We can have lots of fun now.
ZZZ! I'm fine as I am.
Come on, let's have a game of table tennis.
Just a minute then, Dad.
GASP! Snoozer's returning all of my best shots easily.
PUFF! That's cheating, Snoozer.
ZZZ! I can hit the ball without batting an eyelid.
Tough luck, Dad. I won.
Let's play "I Spy" instead.
I spy—YAWN—with my little eye, something beginning with—ZZZ!
HMM! 'Z' eh?
Got it—ZIP fastener, here on my jacket.
It's ZOLA then—Queen of the Nerks!
'Z' my foot—he was simply snoozing all the time.
ZZZZ!
If I play with this old fire-engine, that'll waken him up!
WHASSAT?
WAIL!
Must be a fire—I'll put it out!
NO, NO, you chump! STOP!
HMMPH! I'll play by myself!
HO! HO! I can play with this train set in peace. Using Snoozer as a SLEEPER!
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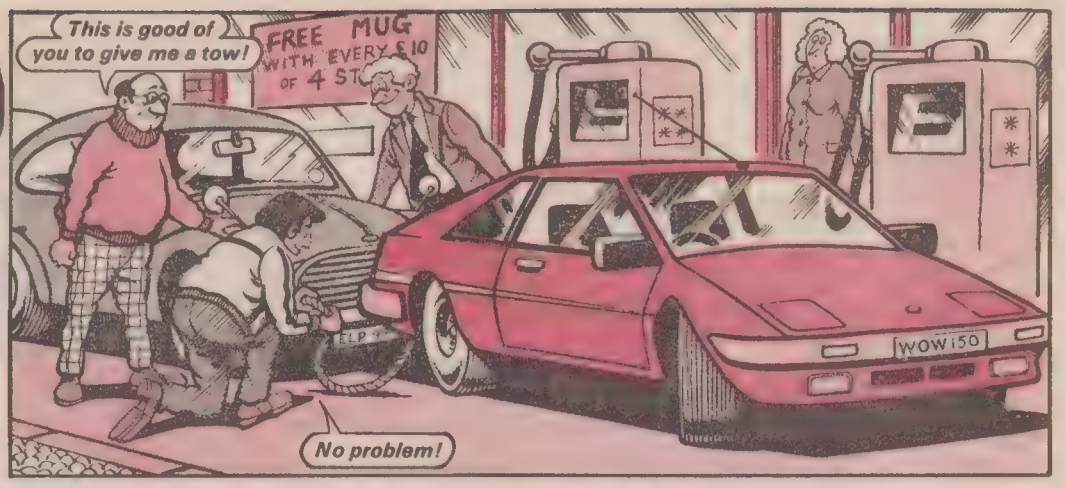
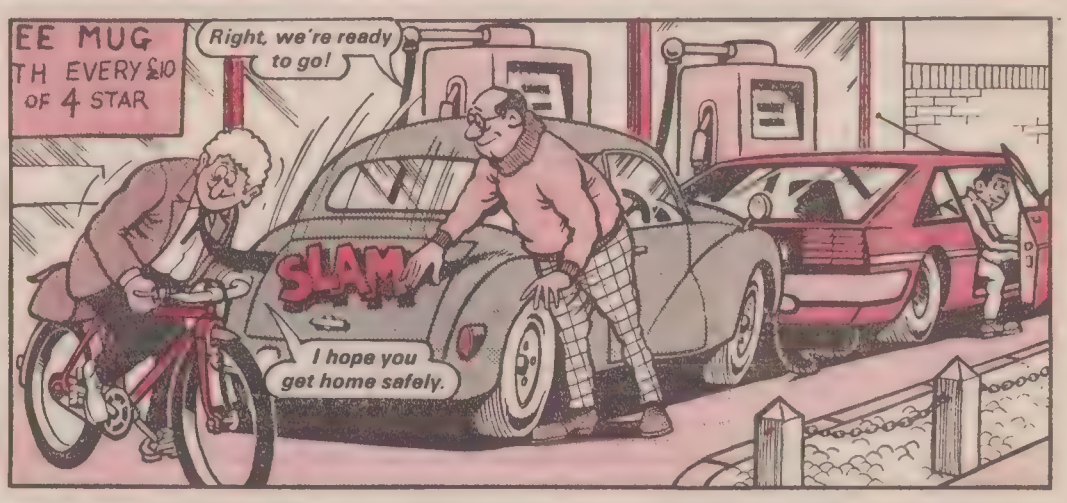
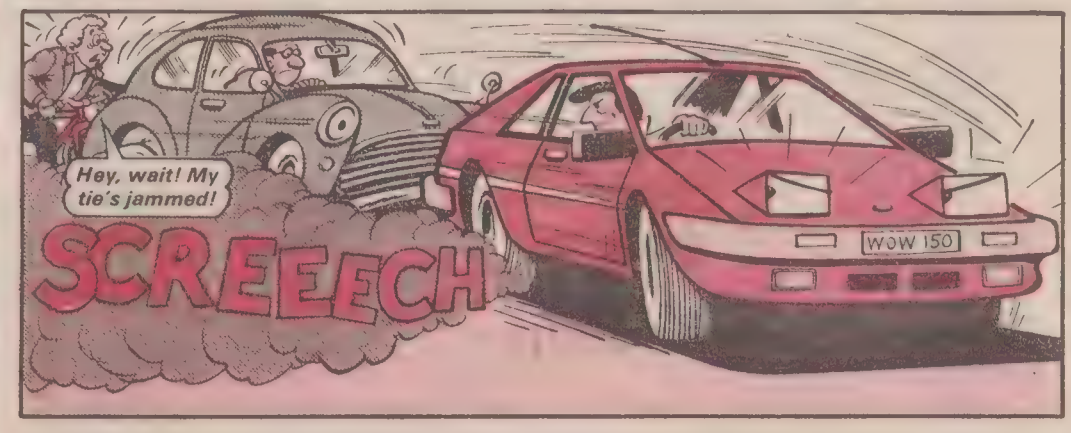
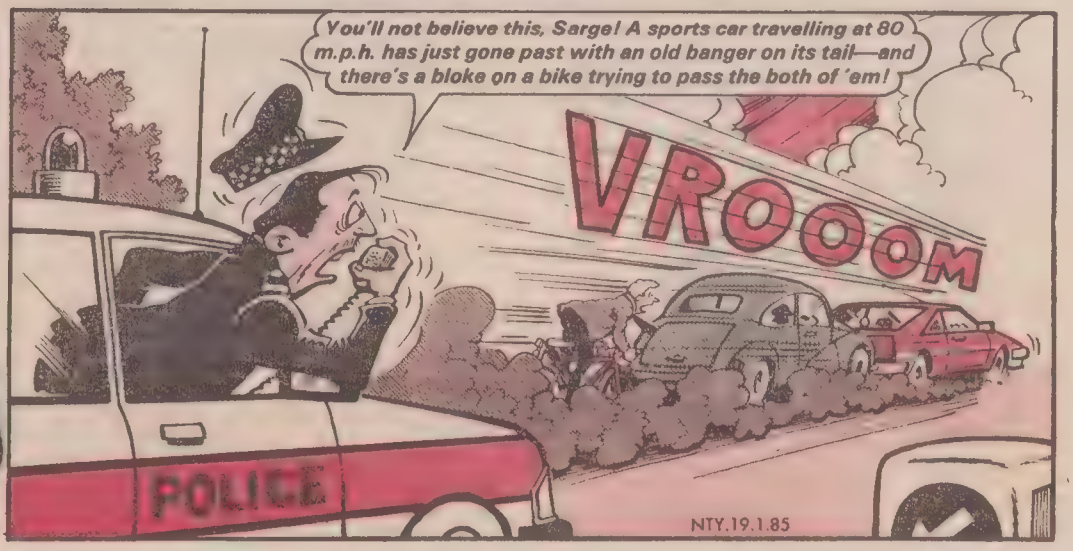
NUTTY TALES


This is good of you to give me a tow!
FREE MUG WITH EVERY £10 OF 4 ST
WOW 150
No problem!


EE MUG
TH EVERY £10
OF 4 STAR
Right, we're ready to go!
SLAM
I hope you get home safely.


Hey, wait! My tie's jammed!
SCREEECH
WOW 150


You'll not believe this, Sarge! A sports car travelling at 80 m.p.h. has just gone past with an old banger on its tail—and there's a bloke on a bike trying to pass the both of 'em!
VROOOM
POLICE
NTY.19.1.85

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

It's the phone, Mr B.

TRING! TRING!

Could've sworn it was the fridge.

Get over here right away! It's an emergency!

Righto, Chiefy! I'll be over in two shakes of a badger's nostril.

Here I am, Chief. What's the problem?

SMASH!

You're not going to like this, Bananaman.

Taste them.

Hmm! Not bad but there's no vinegar.

Spot on! Nip down to the chippy and put some on, would you, before they go cold.

HMPH!

Honestly, I'm a super hero and he treats me like a super errand boy.

Two fish suppers and a curried wellie. Oh, and a deep fried cockroach please.

I'll be ages in this queue. Hold on, there's General Blight.

OOF!

BLAM!

Now to take him unawares.

OH-OH! HIS NANA'S WORN OFF—

FOOMPH!

OO-ER!

Unhand me, you pimply little specimen.

That'll teach you to tamper with the world's vilest villain.

BOOT!

UGH! I've BIN around today all right.

He's getting away and I've no spare 'nanas with me.

The only real 'nana here is YOU!

READER'S VOICE

I'll just have to take pot luck from this lot.

There he goes. I'll pay the grocer for the banana later.

CHOMP! CHOMP!

NTY.19.1.85

OH, NO! It was an under-ripe 'nana.

My powers are also weedy and green, so General Blight has got away.

NTY.19.1.85

BACK AT POLICE H.Q.

—You can't do a simple job like getting vinegar on my chips. They're stone cold now. If only you had a brain, like ME!

STOMP! STOMP!

You've got me GREEN with envy, Chief.

WOOPS-A-DAISY
I'm off to put my make-up on, cos I'm goin' dancin', Mum!
Well, at least you're being ladylike for once, Daisy.
WHOOP! WHOOP! I'm goin' war dancin' actually.
I'll just borrow the tablecloth for a little while.
SNATCH!
AAIEE! WHASSAT?
SMASH!
Big Chief Woops-a-Daisy's got a tepee now.
Daisy—there's rain forecast and I don't want my tablecloth getting wet.
Oh-oh! An enemy paleface voice.
I'll make a fire—that'll keep it dry AND keep Mum happy.
RUB!
Making smoke signals is great fun.
Oh, no! That's my best wig she's wearing.
Keep your hair on, Mum—I've just borrowed it.
There's a WIG WHAM to go with your TEPEE!
BASH!
OOYAH!
GRR! She's covered our washing in soot.
YIKES! There's been an uprising—the neighbours are on the warpath.
GIGGLE! They'll never notice that this totem pole's taller than usual, Readers.
Where is she?
She's vanished!
NTY.19.1.85

Tell your little brother or sister about...

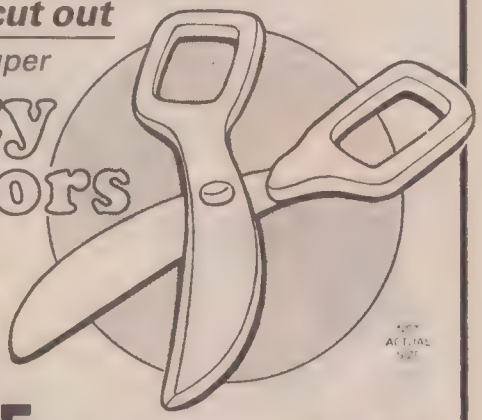
Pepper Street

The new read-with-mum weekly

- *Stories to read in bright pictures*
- *Special page for Mums*
- *Things to cut out*

with these super

Safety Scissors



Free *inside!*

NOW ON SALE (Issue dated January 19th) **25p.**

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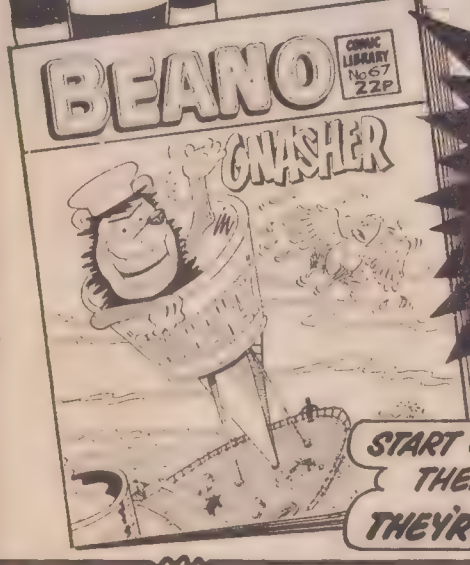
ATTENTION ALL MINXES AND MENACES!

STAND BY FOR A GOOD LONG LAUGH! LOOK OUT FOR THESE TWO SUPER "BEANO COMIC LIBRARIES"!



EXTRA-LONG COMIC ADVENTURES FEATURING YOUR FAVOURITE FUN PALS

START COLLECTING THEM NOW! THEY'RE GRRREAT!

ON SALE NOW PRICE 22P EACH

WEEK BY WEEK, meet the zany characters from the hilarious, BANANAMAN TV series . . .

THIS WEEK-
ERIC
Hello, little Eric—you don't look at all well.
My tum has a touch of the rumbles. Maybe I'm eating too many 'nanas.
My anti-banana spray will stop all that.
Polite choke!
Cackle! Eric will never be able to touch a banana again. Bananaman will be grounded forever!
Oo-eek! That was the nasty nutter himself—Doctor Gloom!
BACK HOME—
I'll scoff a 'nana and let Bananaman deal with that medical misfit.
BUT—
GOSH!
LEAP!
The anti-banana spray is working! C'mere you!
Mind me furniture, you clumsy son!
Yes, Ma!
CRASH!
Screech! My parlour window!
Sorry, Ma!
It's not my fault—I'm covered in this anti-banana spray.
Well wash it off at once.
My Ma has lots of good ideas.
Pity they don't work.
NTY.19.1.85

Ooyah! Sorry, Crow!
CRASH!
Look, I'll catch the banana for you . . .
GRAB!
. . . Now open wide and prepare to swallow.
Yes!
Oops! I've missed!
POP!
It's no use, Ma. Bananas can't stand the sight of me.
GADOING!
I'll drop a banana in the freezer—that should stun the blighter.
Good thinking, Pal.
FREEZER
JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!
HOURS LATER—
Should be ready now.
Perfect. It can't escape.
Yech! Chomp! Crunch! Blerp! Guzzle!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
Get it down, Lad!
AND—
SUCCESS!
Oo! I've crippled me tum with eating that cold 'nana! Send for the doctor.
Gnash! He's more useless than little Eric!

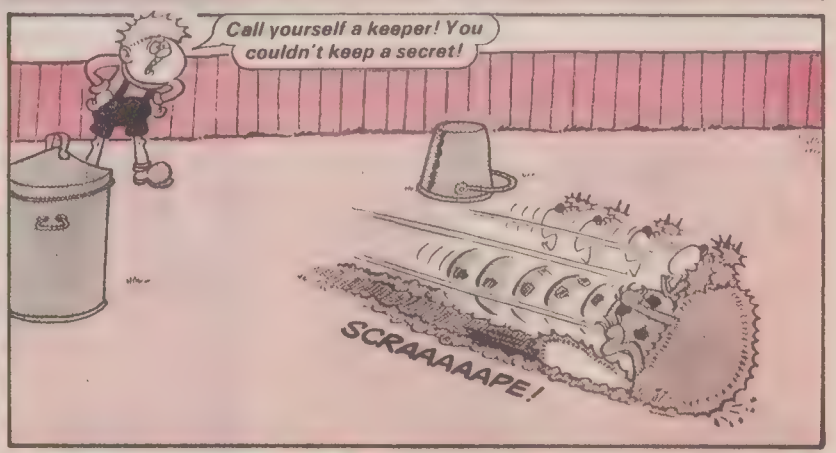
NIP and RRIP

I'm bored,an' all Rrip can do is lie there and sleep!
ZZZZ

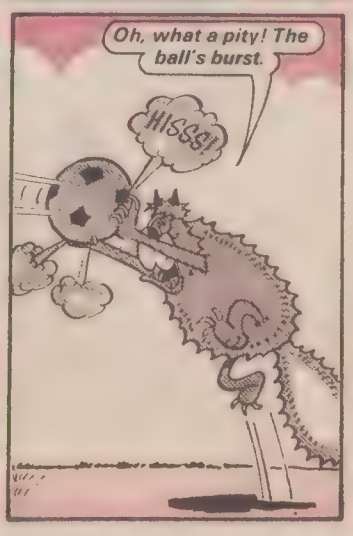
Come on, You—UP! Let's play something!
What's up? What's happening?

You can play in goal!
YAWN! Eh?
POW!

OOOOF!
It's a rocket shot from Bryan Robson!


Call yourself a keeper! You couldn't keep a secret!
SCRAAAAAPE!

Let's see if you can do better with this one.
I'll show you. They don't call me the cat for nothing!


Oh, what a pity! The ball's burst.
HISSS!

Sorry, Masster! Looks like we'll have to abandon the match. MYUK! MYUK!
So much for football. Well, we'll have to play . . .
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. . . mountaineering! I'll need some help to climb the north face of the beech tree.
I'm getting sick of this . . .
If it's help he wants . . .
YEOW!
MY BOTTY!
. . . help he shall have! Myuk! Myuk!
That wasn't funny! I take it you don't like mountaineering.
By George, I think he's got it!
Well, don't just stand there. Help me down!
Okay . . .
. . . you asked for it!
CLICK!
CLICK!
NO! WAIT! STOP! I'LL MANAGE MYSELF . . .
BZZZP!
BZZZP!
BZZZP!
TIMBER!!!
ULP— Too late.
Myuk! Myuk! Myuk!
KERWHUMPH!
Never mind what they say about dogs—it's better to let sleeping CATS lie too!
ZZZZZ!
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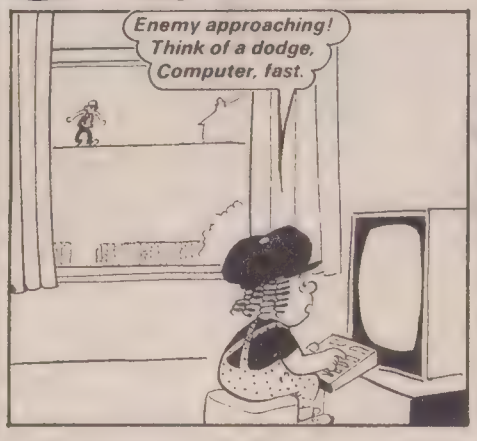
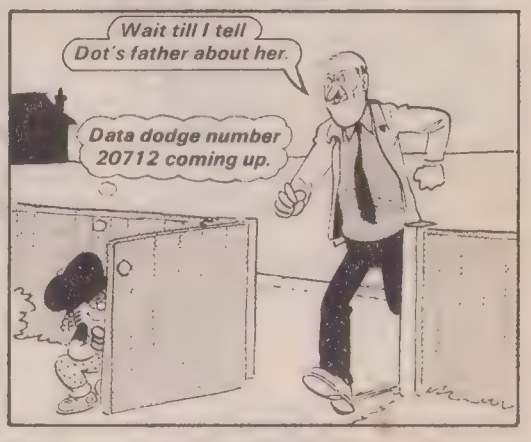
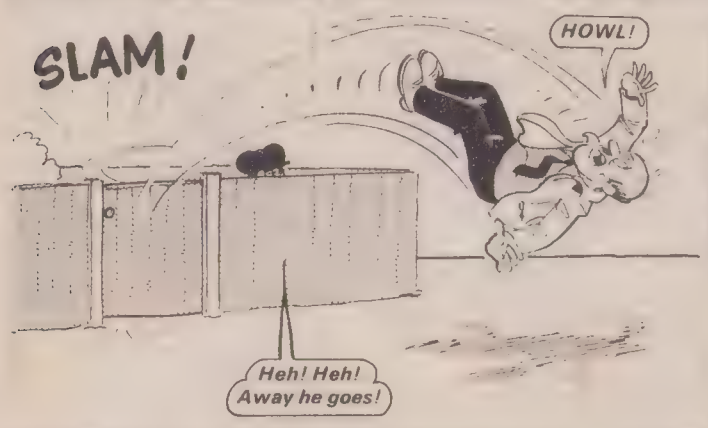
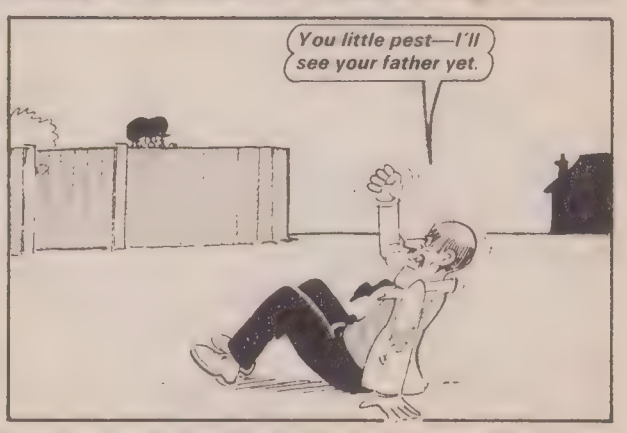
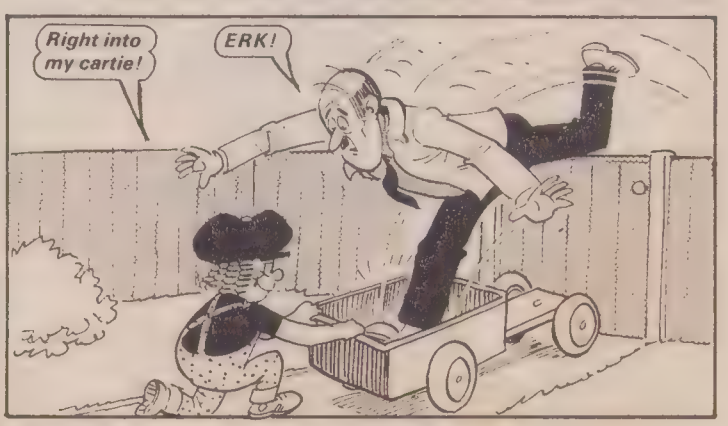
MICRO DOT

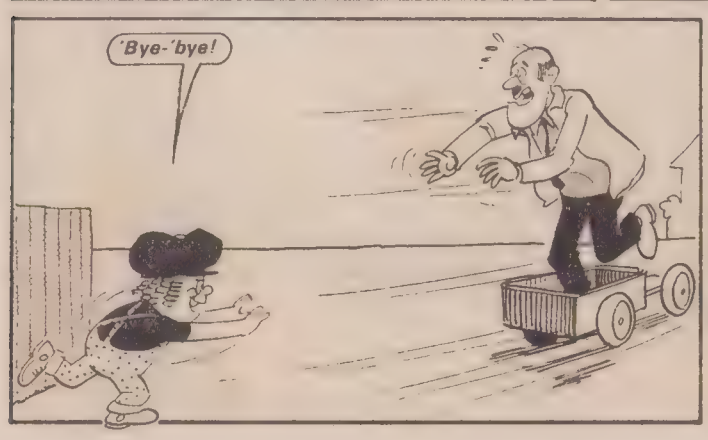












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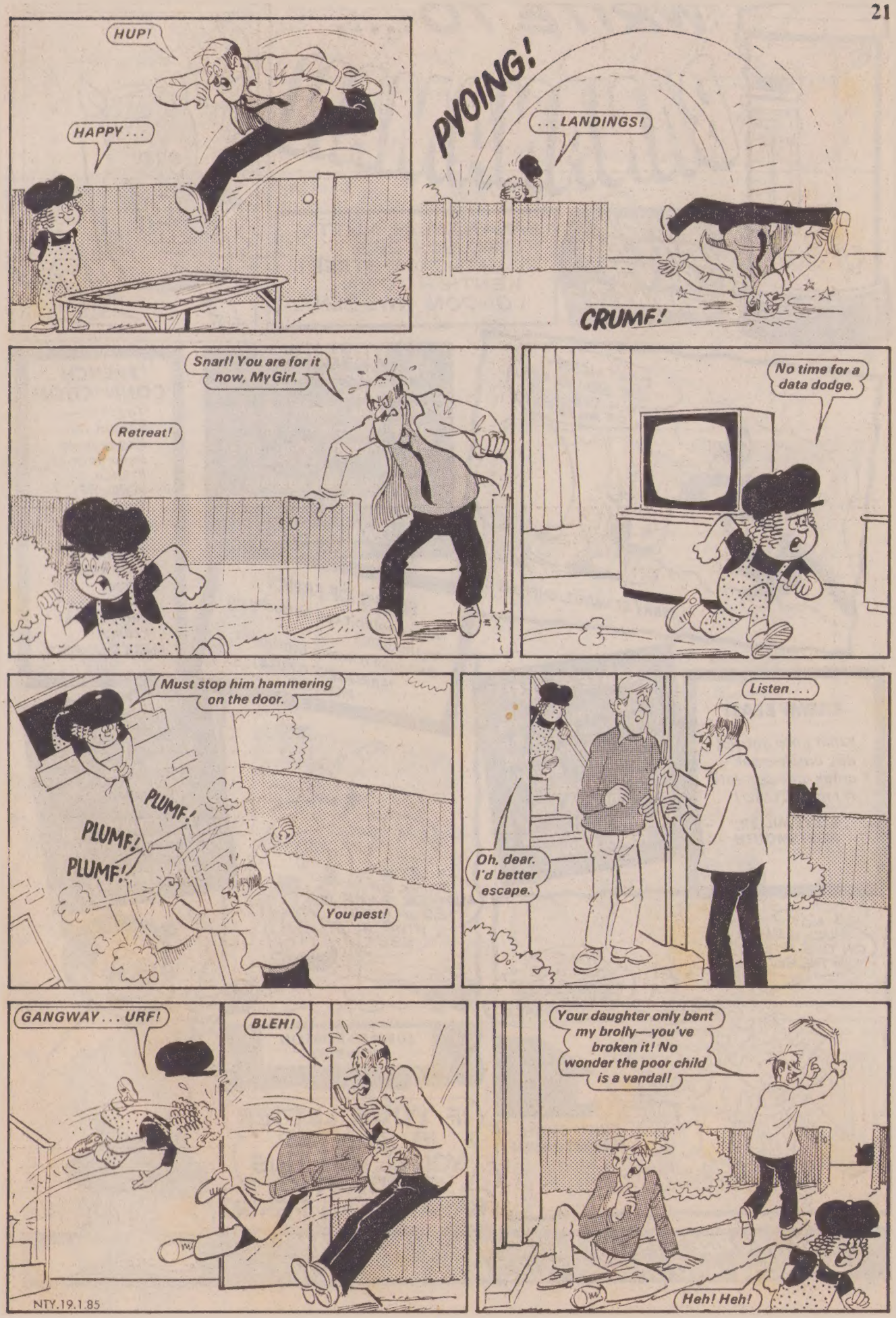
HUP!
HAPPY...
PYOING!
...LANDINGS!
CRUMF!
Snarl! You are for it now, My Girl.
Retreat!
No time for a data dodge.
Must stop him hammering on the door.
PLUMF!
PLUMF!
PLUMF!
You pest!
Listen...
Oh, dear. I'd better escape.
GANGWAY...URF!
BLEH!
Your daughter only bent my brolly—you've broken it! No wonder the poor child is a vandal!
Heh! Heh!
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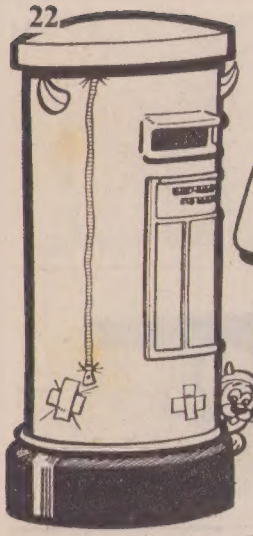
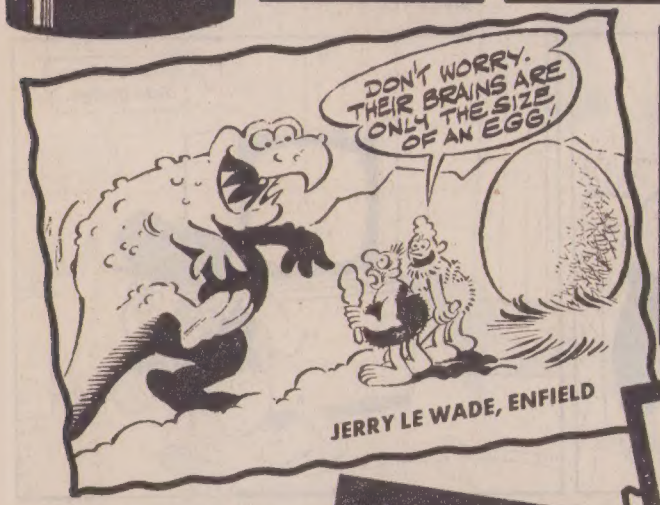
WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.



JERRY LE WADE, ENFIELD

TREE HEE! HEE!

There was a young boy called Mark,
Who was afraid of the trees in the park.
He thought that they might
Have had a very bad bite
Because they had plenty of bark!

PAUL BRISTOW, GREENOCK

FRENCH CONNECTION

Teacher:— Would you like to have been born in France, William?
Tweet
William:— No, Miss.
Teacher:— Why not?
Tweet
William:— I can't speak French!

MARK SHARROCK, HULL

FLIGHT OF FANCY

Why couldn't the butterfly go to the ball?
Because it was a mothball!

MARGARET GRUBB, NEWARK

BARMY BEAST

What goes dot-dot-dot, croak-croak-croak, dot-dot-dot?
A morse TOAD!

STEVE MILLER, PORTSMOUTH

CRATE MATES!

I was out walking with my girlfriend the other morning and something electric passed between us— it was the milk float!

MAURICE TROUGHTON, PORTA DOWN

DAIRY DITTY!

"My milkman's gone bankrupt because he didn't deliver any milk."
"Why not?"
"He couldn't get the cows into the bottles!"

LEE REYNOLDS, LEEK

EDWARD ROBSON
RHIWBINA

PHILIP SMITH, MARKET RASEN

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

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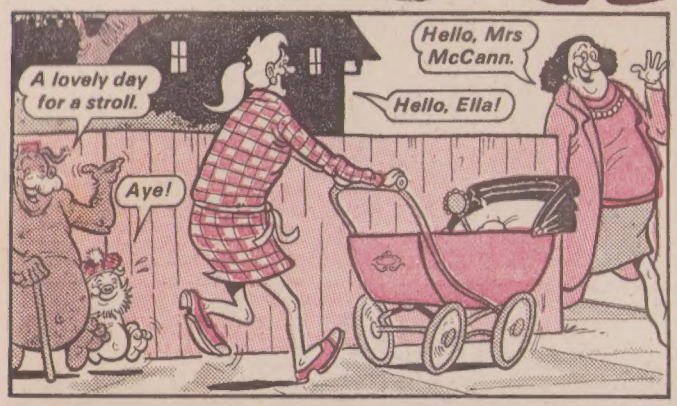
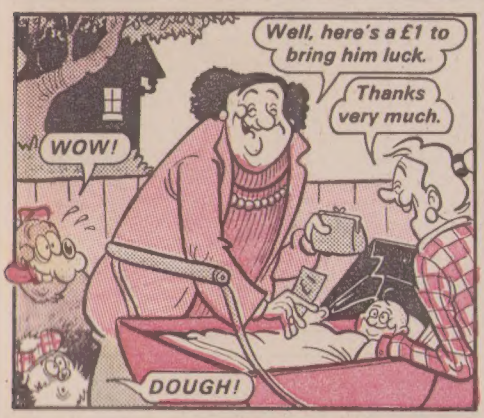
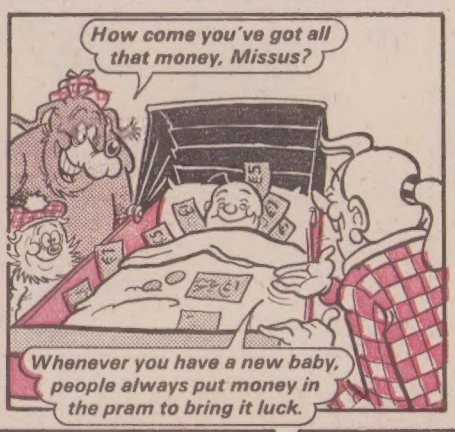
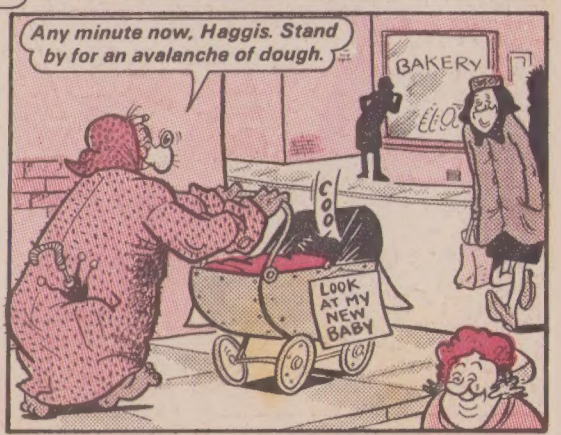
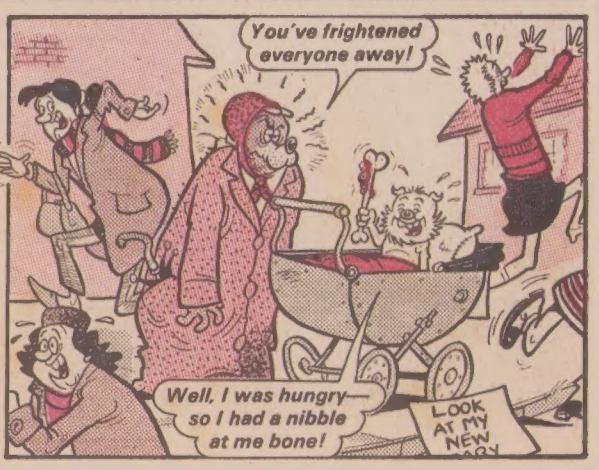
THE WILD ROVERS











CUDDLES

'AT'S ME!

Me no want chips! Me want somefin' better!

CHIPPY SHOP

POSH ITALIAN NOSH

Hmmph! Note how the brat always gets his own way!

A tantrum a day . . . Gets me's own way! Chuckle!

We'll have to wait for a seat in this fancy place.

Me no wanna wait!

NO! STOP!

Can you lot catch dishes?

Young sir can have this seat.

Bah! He got his own way again.

We'll have spaghetti. Cuddles will have pizza.

Boo!

Me no wanna 'pieca' anyfin! Me wants same as you!

SO—

WURMS?

It's spaghetti—and stop playing with your food.

It makes a smashin' lasso.

That does it—we're leaving!

Hee! Hee! Hee!

HELP!

Let him find his OWN WAY out of that!

You have been ze naughty boy, yes?

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